

# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY  
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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No. 11

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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### THINE EASTER DAY.

Within thine heart is there an open tomb?  
Have God's strong angels rolled the stone  
away?  
Rises thy dead self from its bonds of clay?  
Breaks Heaven's sweet light across the dark and  
gloom?  
Then is this day in truth thine Easter day.

If broken down are stony gates of pride,  
If shrouding bands of earth are torn away,  
If sin and wrath and scorn in thee have died,  
Mourn not the past. The folded shroud beside  
Angels will watch. It is thine Easter day.

Rise, new-born soul, and put thine armor on;  
Clasp round thy breast the garment of the  
light;  
Gird up thy loins for battle. In the fight  
He leads who upward from our sight has gone.  
It is his day: there's no more death nor  
night.

No dark, no hurt, no more sharp shame nor  
loss,—  
All buried, hidden 'neath the grave's dark  
sod;  
All ways forgotten, save the road he trod;  
All burdens naught in sight of his,—the cross;  
All joy alive and safe with Christ and God!

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

### HOMES IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

I often meet with those or hear of those who are unhappy because they doubt if they are to see again and know again in another world those whom they love here. I have never had any such doubts or fears myself. What sort of an immortality would it be in which we should forget all we knew in this world? And, if we remember anything, what shall we be more likely to remember than that which makes the most important part of our earthly life? To leave behind and drop off all our present knowledge would not be immortality, but the death of our present character and the creation of another being. The law of life is development, not destruction; unfolding of what we are now into something higher, but not dropping off anything important or leaving it behind.

The apostle tells us that, while opinions change and belief is partial, three things will abide,—faith, hope, and love. Faith, which is trust in things unseen, confidence in the infinite, the supreme Good,—this continues through all worlds. Hope, looking forward and upward; aspiration toward the better and the higher; hope, the spring of progress, the moral power which causes the soul to unfold forever, seeking perpetually a higher good,—this will last through all worlds. But most of all will love last,—love, which enables us to go out of ourselves and become one with another; love, which is the balance and counterpoise to the loneliness of personal being; love, which mysteriously makes of two souls one. If we did not love others whom we have seen, we could not love God whom we have not seen. Therefore, we may be sure that every genuine affection will abide, and continue the same hereafter

as here, and heaven would be no heaven if it destroyed the genuine loves of earth.

I have often noticed that, as men grow feeble with age or draw near to death, while the other faculties become weaker, the affections survive. Memory goes the power of thought goes,—the strong thinker becomes a child again in his mental processes: the man of energy and will loses his power, his courage; but love abides. The affections outlast reason, judgment, memory, imagination. A sweetness of ever-growing love draws the dying man nearer to his dear ones. He loves to hold their hands in his, to look into their eyes when he can no longer speak, with a great effort to say, "I love you." His last word, last thought, last look, last touch, is a word, thought, look, touch, of love. Does not this show that these affections are to survive death?

When Jesus was about to die, we read that, having loved his own, he loved them even to the end. He gave his last hours and thoughts to these humble friends, to this family of those most dear to his human heart. For a few hours he dropped the care for his nation, which he loved so much, of the coming kingdom, so dear to him, the truth for which he was about to die, and devoted himself to consoling this group of affectionate but ignorant followers. Weak as water, they would soon all forsake him and fly. No matter: he had seen in their souls the seed of an enduring goodness and greatness, and he gave his last hours to care for them. He told them that, among the many mansions of his Father's house, he was going to prepare a place for them, that where he was they might also be. Think of this, ye doubting, timid hearers, who fear you will be left behind by those you love in the great progress of heavenly life, afraid that you will not be good enough to accompany the friends so dear to you into a higher world. Were the twelve disciples good enough to be with Jesus? Think of the vast gulf which separated their minds and characters from his. But they loved him, and he loved them; and so the gulf was bridged over, and they were to be with him forever.

This shows us what the family in heaven will be. It will not be made up of those who have reached the same level of ascent, but of those of every degree of attainment, who are related to each other by having the

same faith, hope, and love. There, as here, there will be those who teach and those who learn; higher and nobler souls descending to help, purify, and sustain weaker hearts; great archangels of intelligence and goodness going down to find the lowliest beings in whom there is a single throb of sincere desire for the beautiful and the true. This divine giving and receiving, blessing and being blessed, will make the home life of heaven.

Nor are we to suppose that the soul hereafter is to be pure spirit, disengaged from all bodily form, going out of time and out of space. The law of continuity does not authorize us to believe in any such sudden leap out of the finite into the infinite, from time to the absence of all time.

All progress is a gradual transition, a gentle ascent, an unfolding of new power. But what an utterly abrupt and inconceivable change would it be to become at once one with the universe, and to pass out of finite relations! No: when we go on and up, we shall in all probability find ourselves simply a step higher, in a new home, surrounded by old and new friends, with new work to do, new knowledge to acquire, new tastes unfolding, and with a new and higher sense of the divine Presence and the divine Love. There are hours in this life in which we draw very near to God, and in which he becomes to us a real Father and Friend. There these hours may be permanent and continued,—love and unerring light, joy its own security, the power of temptation gone, every human affection purified and deepened. Those whom we knew and loved here with a pure and honest love we shall know better and understand better, and we shall be better understood by them. The deep secret of personality will be partially, but more and more revealed. We shall see others as they are. The inward tenderness and longings for good, so feeble here, we shall recognize as the power of God in their souls. The misunderstandings which make such a tragedy in life will be removed: in that heavenly light, we shall know each other better and more truly. The family will be enlarged, no doubt, and will consist not only of those who have known and loved each other here, but of others who are in the same sympathies and the same hopes.

The heavenly family will be more fully developed than that of earth, yet rudimentally the same.

The apostle tells us that the whole family, in heaven and earth, bears the name of Christ. Jesus introduced a new family tie. All who believe in him belong to a larger family here and hereafter, and he belongs to them all. Thus, as earthly society is made up of groups, and not of individuals, so life in heaven will be of groups and families. The family relation may be intensified and brightened there: special families may be made up of kindred souls, of those having special affinity for each other, and these again may resolve themselves into larger family groups, till all unite in that universal family of which Christ is the head,—the family of man. Jesus will never be happy as long as one human soul remains outside of his family circle, as long as any race remains outcast. I think there is something very pathetic in the Jews wandering about the earth, insoluble in other races, among them, but not of them; or in the gypsy tribe wandering in the same way from land to land, without home, religion, language,—a lost race, seeking apparently all over the earth for their home. But in heaven there will be no lost races, no lost churches, no lost and helpless prodigals. All will be brought home into their Father's house,—sooner or later, all. For thus stands the sure word of prophecy proclaiming the omnipotence of the love of Christ, the perfect efficacy of his redeeming grace to break every chain of sin. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "He shall reign till he hath subdued all enemies under his feet." "Every knee shall bow in the name of Jesus, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." This is the work for Jesus and his angels and saints in heaven, the work in which all the wise and good and pure shall take part with him,—the universal redemption of man, a work not to be done in a day or an hour. "In the dispensation of the fulness of times," so we read, "that God our Father might gather together in Christ all things in one, both which are in heaven and are in earth; even in him." "Having made peace

through the blood of the cross, through him to reconcile all things unto himself, whether things in earth or things in heaven."

*James Freeman Clarke.*

[For want of space, only a part of this sermon is printed. Any one who desires to have the whole sermon may obtain a copy by addressing Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.]

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### THE STILL HOUR.

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Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,  
Glad at their own home to meet thee;  
All thy good works which went before,  
And waited for thee at the door,  
Shall own thee there, and all in one  
Weave a constellation.  
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,  
And thy pains sit bright upon thee;  
All thy sorrows here shall shine,  
And thy sufferings be divine.  
Tears shall take comfort and turn gems,  
And wrongs repent to diadems.

... And so  
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go,  
And wheresoe'er he sets his white  
Steps, walk with him those ways of light,  
Which who in death would live to see  
Must learn in life to die like thee.

*—Richard Crashaw.*

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The communion of saints!—on our side the consciousness of fellowship with them in all that is true, holy, eternal; on theirs, all this, and also (can we doubt it?) such knowledge of us as is best, seeing our lot in the light of God's great purpose for us, and understanding it all. What that communion shall be, when we also come to the fruition of that immortality in which we even now share with them in part, we can only dimly apprehend, through the very excess of light, as we look forward. To us the meeting once again with those who filled life with blessing for us, and not alone with the friends whom we have known, but with all the company of the great and good, whose example has encouraged us, or whose teachings have strengthened us; and chief of all with Him, the lover of our souls, in whom we are called to the hope of immortality, to them the welcome to those whose trials they have watched, whose progress they have shared, as they have compassed

us about at every stage of our advance "with so great a cloud of witnesses."—  
*Henry W. Foote.*

### THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are given, and the postage paid.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall I send such a book to such a person?*" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have sent it*. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

#### OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

Miss Charlotte Schetter, 75 Highland Avenue, Orange, New Jersey, offers the following: *Révue des Deux Mondes* for 1901-02; The Life of Horace Greeley, James Parton; "Annals of the War," principal participants, North and South; "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle; "The Honorable Peter Stirling," P. Ford.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

"History of the Religion of Israel," C. H. Toy; "Botany for Young People"; "A Collection of Familiar Quotations"; "Essays," George Eliot; "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After," "Queen Mary," Tennyson; "The Flight of the Shadow," George MacDonald; "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," J. H. Shorthouse; "The Captain of the Pole Star," Conan Doyle; "Friend Fritz," a tale of the banks of the Lauter; "Old Mam'selle's Secret"; "For the Right"; "Poems," George Eliot; "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome"; "Essays of Elia"; "Dream Life," Ik Marvel; "Cooking and Castle Building"; "Green Fire," Fiona Macleod; "Mary Paget"; "Self-help," Smiles; "Cast up by the Sea"; "Our Bird Friends"; Dickens's "Christmas Carol"; "The Merchant of Venice"; "The House Beautiful," Mr. Gannett; "A Book of Drolleries."

Books offered by the First Church Branch, Salem. Address Mrs. E. W. Jones, 29 Broad Street.

Sheet music; Book of Psalms; New Testaments; Bibles; "Family Pictures from the Bible"; Anderson's United States History; "A First Book in American History"; "A Strange Story," Lord Lytton; "Ships that pass in the Night," Beatrice Harraden; "The Lament of Dives," Walter Besant; "Beyond the City," Doyle; "Toilers of the Sea," Hugo.

#### REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

*Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.*

Miss Carrie Thompson, Chillicothe, Illinois, desires to form a lending library for the benefit of her neighbors, especially for the young people. There is no Sunday-school library in the place; and she would be glad to receive, not only Sunday reading, but also books on natural history and any entertaining and instructive books,—as, for instance, suitable books on history and science, and stories that will have a good influence.

I would be very glad to receive some kind of recitation book, suitable for all ages. Miss Veida L. Smith, White Mound, Texas.

I would be very glad to get any reading for myself, mother, and a sister. Books, papers, magazines, will be thankfully received, as we are not able to purchase literature, and my mother is a widow and a cripple for twenty years or more. I am an invalid for the past three or four years, never get out from home, not even to church. We live in the country, and it is very lonely. I will pass on everything to others, as there are many too poor to buy. Mother's name is S. Harriet Ballew. (Miss) Addie E. Ballew, Lenoir, North Carolina, R.F.D. No. 1.

Miss Mary Thornton, Lowesville, Virginia, will be glad of any good reading.

I come asking again for some reading. I get some papers, but would like some more for myself and family and some neighbor boys close by us. Anything bright and cheerful for young people and little folks will be gratefully received by us all,—magazines, books, or papers. Best wishes for all the Cheerful Letter friends. (Mrs.) Ada V. Wann, Forreston, Texas.

Nora Winfield, Lowesville, Virginia, asks for current numbers of *McClure's*.

Mrs. James S. Garrett, Taylorsburg, Virginia, will be glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Mrs. R. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, would like magazines.

Miss Laura Baze, Chelsea, Indian Territory, asks for a dictionary.

Mrs. C. B. Merrick, West Derry, New Hampshire, asks for *Every Other Sunday* and selections for entertainments.

I am a shut-in for fourteen years, and

cannot get out. I should like to get some good reading. I should like to get the *Life* of Miss F. Havergal or any good magazine. I should be glad of any good book to pass the long weary hours. Mrs. H. B. Chadd, 546 South Franklin Street, Wilkes-barre, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Sue Quisenberry, Youngs, Virginia, confined to her bed, will be glad of any reading.

Mrs. C. T. W. Rowell, Athens, Maine, an aged lady, confined to bed and wheelchair for four years, will be pleased with suitable reading.

Lydia Nason will be glad at any time to receive children's books or any good literature.

Miss Jimmie D. Ross, Vinton, Virginia, sixteen years old, very fond of reading, would like to have reading and pieces for her scrap-book, also something for her two brothers to read. They are twelve and seven years old.

Emma L. Owen, Whittle's Depot, Virginia, R.F.D. No. 2, asks for a book on civil government and the "Courtship of Miles Standish."

I am a three-year reader of *Cheerful Letter*. Love it best of any. This is to tender thanks to the Book Club for many good books and papers, and to make request for *Harper's* or *Munsey's* magazines or any other reading matter (especially picture books) that will be appropriate for my two little girls, Alma, thirteen, and Kittie, seven, and a little boy, Ralph, four. Mrs. G. E. Flowers, Granite Falls, North Carolina.

*My dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—It has been a long time since I have written to you. I have been so busy, and I have moved away from Pleasant View. I have not received much reading this winter. I do hope you will send me something. I am living in a very lonely place, and am glad of anything to read. Will some of the kind friends send me some of the new pieces of music, both songs and instrumental. I am not able to buy music. I would like to have "Woman's Friendship," by Grace Aguilar, and "Rose in Bloom" and "Eight Cousins," by Louisa Alcott. I thank all of you for

kindness in the past, and hope to receive some music and books soon. Mrs. Alonzo D. Bibb, Pryors, Amherst County, Virginia.

I am eighteen years old, and live in the country. My father is a minister, and I have three sisters. We all enjoy reading very much. Will you kindly send me something? Any books, papers, or magazines, I assure you, will be highly appreciated. Address, Miss Cleo Shortt, Floyd, R.F.D. No. 1, Virginia.

Mrs. Carrie M. Dana, 240 Logan Avenue, San Diego, California, asks for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and stories of adventure.

Miss Etta Potts, Escondido, California, R.F.D., would like *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Youths' Companion*.

I am very fond of reading, and have a large family of brothers and sisters, too, who have enjoyed the books and magazines as much as I have. Any books by Rosa Carey, E. P. Roe, or L. M. Alcott would be highly appreciated, also magazines and a recitation book. With best wishes for *The Cheerful Letter* in its noble work. Mary Waller Dickinson, Za, Orange County, Virginia.

I come to the dear *Cheerful Letter* to thank the kind unknown friend who sends me the paper, as I enjoy reading it so much. I think the prayer for New Year's morning just as beautiful as it can be. Would some of your dear friends please send me a picture-book? I send thanks in advance for all that may be sent me. I do so much like to read your good reading. Mrs. Cooper Hatcher, Osage, Virginia.

Mrs. C. E. Phillips, Pleasant View, Amherst County, Virginia, would like Fiske's "Civil Government" and "Geographical Readers of the Continents."

Mrs. H. M. Ingram, Pekin, North Carolina, asks for an illustrated Family Bible, Panford's "Common School Arithmetic," "Advanced Arithmetic" and a beginner's algebra.

I would be very glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Century Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, or almost any reading matter you could send me. Mrs. Bing Hartley, Lenoir, N. C.

Miss Jennie Varner, Persniger, North Carolina, will be glad of any books or

papers suitable for her father and mother and herself.

Please send me literature suitable for use in Sunday-schools, all grades; also one "First Reader" and some good home and farm journal. My little ones would like to have the *Youths' Companion* again. Thanking you for past favors. Mrs. K. D. Stafford, Box 154, Kaufman, Texas.

I would like to get a "Psychical" and a Maury's "Physical Geography" for my daughter. Mrs. M. E. Hastings, Sanco, Texas.

I would be glad to receive any magazines or novels,—namely, the *Munsey*, the *Argosy*, *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Century*, also "Vanity Fair," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," or any that you have,—and would also be glad of a letter occasionally. Address Miss Mary Steptoe, Holcomb's Rock, Bedford County, Virginia.

Mrs. Nathan P. Robertson, 861 Pine Street, Danville, Virginia, asks for "Uncle Remus," "Alice in Wonderland," "Davy and the Goblin," or current numbers of any magazine.

History of Spain is asked for by J. M. Vannoy. Vannoy, North Carolina.

I wish to thank those who sent me school books. I am using them successfully in my school. I have a bright class of boys who are very anxious to read "Tom Brown at Rugby." Hoping that I am not asking too much, Mrs. Nannie W. Gregory, Bullock, Granville County, North Carolina.

Away out here in the State of Washington we are hedged in with snow, and looking longingly for spring. Any reading sent us will be thankfully received. My little grand-daughter, ten years old, is shut off from school privileges; and any books suitable for such a one will be indeed welcome. Please write to me. Mrs. A. C. Earl, Southside, Douglas County, Washington.

## THE MOTHERS' CLUB.

### MORAL SUASION.

(Concluded.)

Reggy's method of getting his own way was different from his sister's. He did not argue, he defied, and, when contradicted,

flew into a passion. One day he rushed in, heated and angry, with a complaint against Richard, the coachman, a steady, elderly man, who had lived with Miss Lavinia for many years.

"He won't let me ride Jerry," he explained, spluttering with anger. "I told him I would, and he said I shouldn't. He didn't reason a bit with me, aunty: he just said I shouldn't. I told him you said we must be convinced before we minded, and he said he didn't care a red cent if I was convinced or not, but on top of his horses I shouldn't get till he had the missus's orders to let me. Did he have any right to call them his horses, aunty? They're yours, aren't they? Won't you please scold Richard, and make him let me ride?"

"O my boy, on that great Jerry, who isn't a saddle horse at all! I really couldn't have you try to ride him. He would certainly throw you off. Think about it a moment, and you will see that it would be most unwise and dangerous."

"I won't think!" cried Reggy, passionately. "All the thinking in the world wouldn't make me not want to. I do want to, and I will!"

"Reggy, is that a nice or polite way to speak to me? I am"—

"You're not mamma," sticking his tongue out at her.

"No, I am not mamma. But I am an old lady and your aunt, and when you reflect"—

"Bother reflection!" shouted Reggy, in a fury. He raced back to the stable, and told Richard that aunty didn't say he mustn't. But this mild form of permission made no impression on tough old Richard.

"The missus can do as she likes," he remarked. "But, till she comes out and orders me herself, on top of my horses you don't go, young master."

Young master, much enraged, made further complaint to Miss Lavinia, and, though she did not say so, I think in her heart she was most thankful to Richard for his firmness; and Reggy, much against his will, was compelled to give up the pleasure of breaking his neck by a fall from Jerry's tall back.

Two months went by, things gradually growing worse and worse. The servants were kept in a continual fret. There were

always the print of little shoes to be seen in forbidden places; the flower-beds were torn and trampled; the gravel walks showed that Jack or Archie had been digging holes against advice. Mary Anne, the cook, said that "everything from garret to cellar was all topsy-turvy, it was. It wasn't like the same house, it wasn't; and, if the father and mother of them tiresome children weren't coming back in June to take 'em away, she'd be going down to Boston to look for a place, she would, for all she'd lived with Miss Masters thirteen years."

One day, early in October, Miss Lavinia had occasion to go to Boston for a day on business. She put the children on honor to behave well during her absence, and they all promised very fairly. After so much annoyance at home the little expedition seemed quite delightful to her. She saw some good pictures, had a talk with her lawyer, met a friend or two, did some shopping, including the purchase of a present for each of the children, and lunched at Parker's. Altogether she enjoyed herself, and took the afternoon train for home, feeling quite rested and refreshed by her short holiday.

Meantime at the "Shoe" matters had gone badly. Miss Lavinia's start was rather a sudden one. So it was not till she had left for the early train that a message came from Miss Grace, saying that her mother was ill, and she should not be able to come that morning.

"Hurrah!" shouted Reggy. "No old lessons, that's first-rate! My! I'm glad aunty didn't know before she went. She'd have done something or other to keep us from playing."

"Let's go fishing," said Archie.

"Yes, in a boat," added Jack. "I can row it."

"Pshaw! you can't row a boat: you're only a little boy," remarked Matty, disdainfully. "I won't go in a boat, anyway."

"Nobody asked you, miss," retorted Jack; while Reggy put in, "Jack ain't going to row the boat: I am. And you needn't come if you don't want to, Matty."

"Boat, indeed!" cried Nurse, scandalized. "I'm not going to have any of you going out in boats, and tipping over, and getting drowned. You ought to be ashamed of putting such ideas in your little brothers' heads, Master Reggy."

"He didn't put it in: I said about the boat my own self," bawled Jack.

"Well, whoever said about it, you ain't going!"

"Yes, we are," they all cried in chorus. And the boys set out at a full run for the little pier where Miss Lavinia's row-boat lay.

But Richard had been beforehand with them. Overhearing the discussion, he had walked quietly down, padlocked the chain by which the boat was moored, and taken away the key. So, before Nurse, with the baby in her arms, could reach the pier, she met the boys running back, and furiously demanding the key. Richard had wisely disappeared, and no one else knew where the key was.

"I don't care," said Reggy. "I shall just cut the chain with my knife, and then we'll go." He spent much time sawing at the chain, but with no other effect than blunting his knife.

The twins meanwhile perched themselves on the edge of the pier to watch the operation, and, getting into a dispute, Jack pushed Archie off into the water. Fortunately, the tide was low, so he was not out of his depth; but he got very wet, and, what was worse, Nurse captured him, took his clothes off, and made him go to bed.

"It's a comfort to have one of 'em safe," said the much-tried Sarah. "I declare, if I live till Miss Masters gets home, it's as much as I expect to do."

It was indeed a trying day, not only to poor Nurse, but to every other grown-up person at the Shoe. Jack got hold of the knife, after Reggy had hacked at the boat-chain till he was tired, and employed it to cut down a quantity of fine chrysanthemums just in flower. Then he disappeared; and, when Ellen, the waitress, went in to lay the cloth for dinner, she found the front of the beautiful old sideboard adorned with the word J. A. C. K. cut into the mahogany, in jagged, uneven letters, four inches long. Ellen's scream of dismay brought the other servants to the spot; and, while they were still exclaiming with horror, Jack slipped out, and a crash from the parlor announced further trouble. He and Reggy had got to fighting over the knife, and Jack had knocked a chair against the big looking-glass and broken it all to pieces.

"I declare, it's like wild beasts they are,"

said Mary Anne, as she locked the parlor up to prevent further mischief. "What will Miss Lavinia say?"

Miss Lavinia had ordered a peach dumpling for their dessert as a treat. The boys insisted on having three helpings, and this overdose of sweets made them unusually fractious.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll build a bonfire," said Reggy. "I haven't seen one bonfire this year,—not one," in a wronged tone.

"So we will," echoed Jack.

Presently James, the gardener, coming across over the lawn, found them heaping a big pile of twigs and boughs together under a magnolia tree.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Don't meddle with it: it's our bonfire," said Reginald.

"A bonfire! right under that tree the missus is so fond of! Why, you'd scorch and spoil it so it'd never be fit to see again. This ain't no time for bonfires, Master Reggy. I can't allow any such doings." And, despite Jack's vociferations, James coolly collected the bonfire into a wheelbarrow and carried it off.

Reggy watched him go; and then, after thinking a little, he whispered to Jack, and they started away.

It was about an hour after that that a great flare of light and a series of shrill screams called everybody to the west end of the house. As that angle of the lawn was screened from view by a couple of large evergreens, it had occurred to Reggy and Jack that a bonfire might be built there with little chance of interruption. They had placed their brush so near the wall of the house that, at the first blaze, the wistaria vine which grew over it had taken fire; and, in less time than would have seemed possible, the cornice caught. A scene of confusion followed. Richard, on a ladder, was pouring pailfuls of water on the roof. James, with the garden hose, was squirting at the smoking wistaria. One of the evergreens caught fire and blackened and smouldered. The maids were screaming, the boys dancing with excitement; and, just when the noise and bustle were at their height, and the smoke at its thickest, Miss Lavinia drove in at the gate.

"What has happened?" she gasped. Mary

Anne, holding tight the half-frantic Jack, who with his smutty face and clothes looked like a little chimney-sweep, began to answer; but Miss Lavinia did not listen. She had jumped out of the carriage, and was throwing water on the evergreen, which was burning unheeded,—the beautiful golden yew, pride of her heart, which she herself had planted twenty-eight years ago.

"Now," she said, when at last the danger was over, and nothing remained to be done but to watch the charred places and make sure they did not blaze out again, "now tell me, if you please, how this happened!"

"Master Reggy was determined to have a bonfire," said James. "He wanted to build it yonder, under the magnolia, ma'am; but I told him he shouldn't, and took away his sticks. Then he went and got them, on the sly, and built it here."

"What business had you to tell us we shouldn't?" shouted Reggy. "You're only a servant, and even aunty doesn't say shan't to us!"

"'Deed, thin, it's a pity she doesn't, unless it's wanting to be burned in her bed she is," muttered Mary Anne.

"We only meant to have a little fire; but, when that old James ordered us, we just built a big one, on purpose to spite him," explained Reggy. "We didn't mean to burn the house, aunty."

Miss Lavinia listened, bewildered, turning from one to the other.

"And, indeed, Miss Masters, unless something can be done to make it different, none of us can stay in the house," said the irate cook. "There's Miss Matty, she just come into the kitchen, this morning, as I was seasoning the soup, and she caught the salt-box right out of my hand, and threw a great lot of it into the custard, which was making for to-morrow; and it's all spoiled, it is!"

"I thought it was sugar," explained Matty, who had now joined the group on the lawn. "Mary Anne never makes things sweet enough, aunty; just because you said once that sugar creates fat, and you'd rather have us have muscle. I don't want muscle, and I love sugar"—

"Master Jack broke the big looking-glass," said Ellen.

"Yes, and he's cut the sideboard with his knife, and spoiled it entirely," put in Mary Anne.

"And he pushed Archie into the water; and he'd have been drowned, if the water'd been a little deeper," said Nurse. "Indeed, Miss Masters, I hope you'll not go away again and leave us with them. It's not safe, ma'am."

Surprise, horror, astonishment, had kept Miss Lavinia quiet up to this point. In fact, there had been little chance to speak, so fast and furiously did the explanations pour upon her. Now she was thoroughly roused. Theory, principle, were all forgotten. The natural woman asserted herself. Seizing on Matty first, who stood nearest to her, she boxed her ears soundly. Then, pouncing on Reggy, she shook him till his teeth rattled, and, capturing the stupefied Jack, repeated the performance with him. Then, in a voice which none of the children recognized as coming from their mild, reasonable aunt, she sternly said: "You naughty, bad, disobedient children! I wouldn't have believed it of you! How dare you act so and speak so! Go into the house this moment, and to bed without a word. To-morrow I shall have something further to say to you."

Completely cowed, the little culprits crept away into the house.

"I am very, very sorry," continued Miss Lavinia, turning to the servants,— "very sorry, indeed, that you should have had so much trouble. Things shall be altered: the children shall be kept in better order in future. Now go in, and let us have tea as soon as you can, Mary Anne. To-morrow, we will try to straighten things out again."

From that day there was a different order of things at the Shoe. Having once broken through her principles, Miss Lavinia found it the easiest way to keep on breaking through them. Not that she punished the children severely or often; but she gave them to understand that they must obey her, or face a penalty, and, that point once settled, things went on more smoothly. It was astonishing how much fonder of her they seemed to grow. "Aunty" now took her rightful position in their eyes, no longer their victim, but their best help and kindest authority, the granter of favors and dispenser of benefits. It was some time, of course, before this pleasant state of things was established. There were bad days and good days, but, little by little, the small

unruly troop came under discipline; and the last part of the Hazard children's visit to the Shoe was quite different from the first, and a great deal more agreeable to all concerned.—*Susan Coolidge.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### BEFRIENDING A DOG.

How many persons would gladly take charge of a persecuted or homeless dog if they knew just what to do? says a contributor to the *New York World*. Many a busy man would take the time. Many a woman would scorn to think twice of the inconvenience. And, as for boys and girls, few of them know how to rescue a pitiful dog from his misery.

In trying to befriend a dog, the first thing is to gain his confidence. If he is hungry or sick, or if he is being teased by street boys, this may often be done by driving off the cruel boys and speaking kindly. But almost any good dog beyond puppyhood must be in great distress to stand "rushing an acquaintance." Most of them resent being patronized.

Dogs have been the companions of men as far back as history goes. They know what is due to people and to themselves. They understand distinctions. A thoroughly well-bred dog is as dignified and reserved toward strangers as a lady or gentleman, and almost as particular about his introduction. There is a proper way to make acquaintance; and, if we do not follow it, almost any good dog, except under very unusual circumstances, is likely to make up his mind, and very quickly, too, that we are not worth knowing. Though we may have the best intentions in the world, and though he may be lost and in distress, he will not permit us to befriend him.

Puppies, many toy dogs, and bird dogs will be sociable with anybody. But most dogs, while they leave it to you to make the first advances, are off at once if you go too fast or too far. They will not presume to speak first, though they may come near, look up, wag their tails, lie down close by, and otherwise show very plainly that they are only waiting to be spoken to. This is a common habit with dogs, whether they are seeking acquaintance merely or want

help. But in either case they sit in judgment on us as to what follows.

It is a mistake to make any movement toward the dog we wish to succor, unless it is some unusual case, when he must be cornered. In any ordinary case it is only necessary to speak to him, and to stand still till his curiosity is aroused, as it will be very soon. It is almost always better to speak in a tone of good-fellowship, on equal terms as it were, and not in a condescending way. Then give him the back of your hand to smell. He will smell that, and then walk all around you probably, sniffing about your feet and looking you all over. Let him do it without appearing to watch him. It is better not to turn when he goes behind you. After he comes around in front, let him smell of your hand again and speak to him. If he stays by you, then you may safely talk to him and pat him a little, but without attempting to lay hold of him or take him up. It is still necessary to be careful about being "too familiar."

Nothing but experience, and much experience, with dogs teaches us to know at sight the many signs of a good dog or a bad one, fine breed or mongrel. But any one can remember that a good dog will always look you squarely in the face, and will generally come up to smell of your hand, at the same time wagging his tail and, usually, opening his mouth. He may carry his tail between his legs because he is timid or because he has been abused, but he is not a good dog if he will not look you in the face.

Experience, too, enables us to see at once if a dog is diseased. But, if the lost dog which claims your kindness has a cold nose, if his tongue lolls out, dropping clear water, if his eyes are clear and bright, and if his hair is shiny, though it may be dirty, you may be pretty sure there is nothing serious the matter with him.

It does not take longer to see these things than to give the dog a chance to see if he likes you. And, if he is inclined to stay by you, he will probably follow you, or give you an opportunity to put a string around his neck and lead him. To find out if he is willing to go with you, walk slowly away from him and call him to come along. Do not begin by going after him. Let him follow you if he will, and do not coax him.

Offer a lost dog water to drink as soon as

you can. Then food, or a piece of dry cake, or any scrap from the table or the kitchen, but not much raw meat until you know more about him. One could do this, even if one were taking him to the pound.

On taking a strange dog home, his coat and skin should be examined as soon as possible. If the hair is dull and unclean or there are sores, he needs the dog doctor at once. But, if not, brush and comb him. For fleas roll him over and sprinkle him well with insect powder, all the time talking to him in a friendly way. He may need a bath, but not—the chances are—if he very much dislikes it. Care, good care (but not too much of it), and plenty of outdoor exercise will soon make him “his own man again,” forgetful of his past suffering, but grateful and devoted as only a dog is to the friend who rescued him.

## THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

### I.

#### *A Locked Chest of Tools.*

1. Who will be the first to open this awkward chest of tools?
2. The best plan ever proposed was the most successful.
3. He is blind; and, when in public, his eldest son is always with him.
4. In Needham merchants sell goods at low prices.
5. An honest old squaw lives in our town.
6. We shall soon hear the wren chirping in the old apple-tree.

### II.

#### *Rhymed Primal Acrostic.*

1. A noted battle, England's boast.
2. An island on the English coast.
3. A Spartan general, brave and bold.
4. All victors wore in days of old.
5. A people,—God's peculiar care.
6. A province lost to France, the fair.
7. A poet who can hours beguile.
8. The famous “Serpent of the Nile.”
9. A Western State we next must name.
10. A general of lasting fame.
11. One of seven hills of great renown.
12. A name beloved in Concord town.
13. A Flemish painter known to fame,  
You'll give without delay his name.

These initials place with care:

You'll see a poet's name is there.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

### III.

#### *Progressive Numerical Enigma.*

- 1, 2, 3, is a Latin prefix denoting separation.
- 1, 2, 3, 4, a circular form much used for ornamentation.
- 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is a curtain cloth of common reputation.
- 5, 6, 7, is border, edge, or line of decoration.
- 7, 8, 9, 10, a girl's nickname, a German appellation.
- 9, 10, 11, a boy's nickname, a plain abbreviation.
- 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, a race of great creation.
- My 12, 13, 14, an element of electric experimentation.

The whole is what we all should use in every relation.

In choice of pleasure and of friends, as well as occupation,

I'm sure you know already without further speculation

That all my letters spell one word, which is

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

### IV.

#### *Transpositions.*

The letters of one word may be transposed to answer the four following questions:—

1. A god much admired,  
Though oft causing pain.
2. A queen in one portion  
Of nature's domain.
3. A troublesome ailment  
That checks all our mirth.
4. I am brought with great labor  
From the heart of the earth.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

*Answer to Puzzles in March Number.*

### I.

- |              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Cambric.  | 6. Henrietta. |
| 2. Percale.  | 7. Muslin.    |
| 3. Satin.    | 8. Organdie.  |
| 4. Buckram.  | 9. Brocade.   |
| 5. Cashmere. |               |

## II.

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Irrigate.  | 7. Variegate. |
| 2. Abrogate.  | 8. Mitigate.  |
| 3. Delegate.  | 9. Vulgate.   |
| 4. Subjugate. | 10. Agate.    |
| 5. Surrogate. | 11. Arrogate. |
| 6. Fumigate.  | 12. Derogate. |

## III.

Lime.

## IV.

Begin at the middle letter N, and follow an almost spiral path.

1. "None are so deaf as those who won't hear."
2. "Think twice before you speak once."
3. "New brooms sweep clean."

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, April 3, at 25 Beacon Street, at 10.30 A.M. All persons interested are cordially invited.

## DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden St., Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands, are reminded that *current* periodicals, and good, bright standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines, nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER  
EXCHANGE.

## OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

## TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?